

HOME READING.

A Day-Dream.

[illegible]

Live it Down.

[illegible]

Sea Yarns.—No. 15.

BY USQUE.

we neared the dreaded La Plata, we
and a fearful pampero, or hurricane,
and nearly noon of the following
the upper topsail was in, the bonnet
was stowed, and the storm try-sail
has latter sail is in the shape and
and is used in a gale in place
sail when it is impossible to carry
yet when a sail is necessary af-
the vessel. The force of the gale
moving can be understood when I
that the try sail has not been used on
in late in ever four years. I shall
forget the appearance of our pretty
spoiled of all her yards of white
and this diminutive, mutton leg
in place of the huge mainmast. It
a small to look at the naked spar
sailing cordage.

We continued upbated the next
and the wind veered to the south-
west around by the west, until at
the upper topsail was put on,
reefed out, and the brig put about
north-east. Before sundown the
was on and the wind dead aft and
a large sea running and the vessel
slightly. The barometer rose rap-
idly, sundown, indicating a break up,
sea moderated during the night and
being opened overcast, with little or
no wind. The sun set in a bank of
and a dead calm followed. At one
sails were all aback, and the main
was very near to "taking charge."
The winds were very low down and black,
from the northwest, while what
there was kept shifting from southeast
to west, it being almost impossible,
the time to tell where the wind
blow. Towards morning the wind
blow was soon blowing a six and a
breeze. In the afternoon the
of two shoals, and by midnight the
began to meet into scud, the stars
fell occasionally, and the moon lit
dark waters, giving promise of a fair
water is now very warm and the
is strong about in bare feet." It
is a strong pun in and out of these
temperatures so quickly. In six
we have had winter, spring
and falling summer weather. For
three days we have suffered greatly
from "fog" which has made the cabin
impossible at times when all the
had been used.

We now in the vicinity of the city of
Rio de Janeiro. It is built on a low and marshy
point, the sea on two sides, and the
surrounded by two small parallel
islands shut out the sea from its
water the great difficulty of drainage
from the city. Everything is dear
and it is said that the cost of living
is three times greater than in London.

Distance to the harbor is about one
mile and focused on either side with
masses of natural granite, one entire
about a break, that on the west
is five feet high, the east side being
about half that.

The West are the "Gavia" (2575 feet),
the East loaf (2272 feet) mountains,
and a sleeping giant. When the
Portugal arrived here in 1807, a
man shown him representing these
as the "Genius of Brazil," with
his "Mant, arise!" written over it.

At the mouth of rather, gulf of Rio Janeiro is
one of the finest harbors in
the world. Its diameter is from three to
four miles, between mountains of majestic
and fringed with the richest verdure,
creating in an easy declivity, occa-
sionally villages, handsome coun-
tries surrounded with trees, many
of which are inhabited. There is no
more of more beautiful residence or
scenic scenery.

At the mouth of the bay, long, baroncles
of coral, and cover a ship's bottom, in
the harbor and impeding the sailing
of the vessel. Fish are not abun-
dant and is dangerous to eat them in con-

sequence of the great number of vessels in port, covered with copper. Especially dangerous are the oysters and shell fish.

In approaching Rio the first land seen is Cape Frio, one of the boldest headlands in the world, about half a mile from its extremity is a cove in which the British ship, *Theiris* ran ashore December 5th, 1830. She had \$800,000 in gold on board. An expedition was organized to recover the money and \$620,000 was brought up from the bottom of the sea. The village of St. Thomas was built by the party, but only two houses now remain. It stood on a rise of ground 100 yards from the beach, with evergreen shrubs bearing flowers in the intervals between the houses, and must have been a pretty sight to look upon, but half of the men were generally lame from the attacks of a kind of body insect called "jiggers," (common in the Southern States also) so that, pretty as it is, the island will never be populated.

Next to Rio and Bahia, the principal ports on the Brazilian coast are the cities of Pernambuco and Olinda. The elevation is not as elevated and grand as at Rio, but its lovely plains and numerous plantations make a beautiful setting for the two cities.

The Recife, or Keef (as Pernambuco is more commonly called by the people) lies close to the coast. From the sea the appearance of the city is peculiar. Its side is very flat, and only slightly above the sea level. The high buildings, all white, that stand upon the praya, seem to rise from the ocean. On a remarkable hill two miles north stands the city of Olinda. It looks so much like a natural production that when Duarte Coelho landed here in 1530 he at once exclaimed:

"O linda situacao para se funda uma villa!" (O beautiful site for a town!)

His exclamation was in part, perpetuated by being used to furnish a name for the city—Olinda. It continued to be the capital for some 200 years, but at length, owing to its distance from the harbor, making it inconvenient for business purposes, a town gradually grew up at the sea, and took the name of Recife.

The islands upon which Pernambuco is built are connected by two bridges, one of which is really grand. This one was built by the Dutch when they took the harbor from the Portuguese in 1670. It consists of fifteen arches, under which runs a strong, rapid river, that comes many hundred miles down from the country. On each side of the bridge are shops full of merchandise. The river can be seen winding up as far as Olinda on the hill. On either bank, dotted with vineyards, and mangrove and cocoa trees, the white cottages are seen, which with the Indians paddling down the river in their uncouth canoes, and the fishermen on the beach mending and drying their nets, makes up a pleasing picture.

The other bridge is a wooden one, and as it is open to the sea breeze is the citizens' evening promenade. The harbor is one of the most convenient in the world. The reef forms a natural pier, extending five miles in a direct line, so exactly straight and even as to appear like a work of art. The vessels lie along side of each other, in rows, moored head and stern, close to the reef.

The heat is simply awful. During the night it is always calm, with much light breeze. About 9 A. M. the sea breeze comes gradually and is strongest about noon, when it degrees it dies away to a calm generally unsust. Notwithstanding the heat the climate is considered healthy.

Among the other productions are sugar and cotton. The first is brought down from the interior in large cases upon rude bungie carts drawn by six or eight oxen. The first sight of one of these carts always makes me an American laugh, yet an examination of some by a practical mechanic (who previously had acquired a knowledge of the topography of the country) would force him to admit that it would tax the ingenuity of the average Yankee to replace it with one better adapted to the wants of the parties to use it. The cotton is put up in bales weighing 180 pounds. A horse carries one to either side of a pack saddle.

From this point to Cape St. Antonio of Bahia, a distance of 376 miles, there is so much of interest that I find it difficult to select such as may be limited space will allow. Todos os Santos, the Bay of All Saints, which was discovered first by Americus Vesputius, under the patronage of Don Alphonse, King of Portugal. Vesputius carried home from the coast of Santa Cruz, as the newly discovered country was first called by the Portuguese, a cargo of Ibiripitanga, a dye-wood, which when cut in pieces, resembles "brazas," coals of fire, from which circumstance it acquired the name of "Brazil-wood," and also conferred a name upon the country. In 1510 a vessel, commanded by Diego Alvarez Correa, was wrecked by the entrance to the bay. The Tupinambas, a ferocious tribe living on the land, fell upon and killed all who reached the shore, except the ca tain, Diego, whom they spared, as some supposed on account of his activity in assisting them to save themselves from the wreck. Bahia owes to this event its foundation and its being long the capital of Brazil.

The Reconaco, or bay on which the city of Bahia lies, is a noble basin thirty leagues in circumference. Over 2,000 coasters and cargoes are constantly busy in this magnificent bay, transporting the produce to and from the numerous rivers which fall into it, the towns and villages to which they give access.

Just before noon we sighted a large ship on our starboard bow, and a brig on the starboard quarter. Soon after dinner the large ship bowed down for us and ran up the signal "Set your flag." We ran up our ensign and colors, and afterwards exchanged long salutes. This occupied nearly half an hour, during which time I was examining her closely, because at the time our brig was making at Duneidin, a sister brig, the I. W. Co. vessel, was leading at Port Lyttleton above a unedin, and bound also for London, and there were many bets made as to which would reach port the first. The Parker was built in the same yard and at the same time as our brig, and was of the same model, and only being a smaller vessel. The two captains were close friends and both life-long residents of Belfast, Maine.

In many ways the vessel signalling us resembled the Parker, only this one had a big catch of iron on her port bow, and there was an unpainted work for the forward part of the cabin, while the Parker had everything painted dead white. I reminded the captain that the brig had not given us her numbers, so he ran up "Set your numbers."

Up went "J. N. W. C." and the register showed that combination to be the I. W. Parker. Our captain at once ran up the word—'Welcome,' and the Parker came upon our lee, lowered a boat, and Captain K. was soon on board. This is the first time since our captain has been master of a vessel, some thirty years, that he has had the pleasure of meeting and entertaining a captain friend from his native place, at sea. It was very pleasant this meeting on the broad ocean a man whom we had parted with fifty-one days before, 7,667 miles away. Captain K. is a fine man, and jolly, and we all spent a social afternoon. He remained to supper and the vessels kept company till night. At 4 A. M. we tacked, and the Parker continued on the course, and at 8 P. M. she was far to leeward of us. Capt. K. was twenty-four days to the Horn, being twenty-nine days. We passed the Horn between six and seven P. M. of the third, and he passed it about midnight of the same day. He had strong wind all the way. We had several days of calm off the coast of New Zealand.

Capt. K. followed along on our track and sighted us three days before and set his compass, but we did not see it. I think there is no doubt but what the Parker can outstrip our brig, especially in light wind. The Parker is very light and crank now, being loaded with "undumped," (uncompressed) wool, and drawing less than thirteen feet of water.

The wind was very light all the afternoon, freshening slightly at night, and drawing to the eastward, so we tacked and headed early north. The next afternoon was very much the same, and light airs again at night. The Parker at that time was to leeward about abeam, but dropped astern, so she allows us when enough wind would come to fill our sails well. Towards noon we drifted up along side and threw a line aboard, where we hauled in a bottle of line, some wine, and a Bible for our captain. After a good deal of cladding between the captains as to whether or no they anchored previous night, and as to when they could get under way, etc., the two vessels drifted apart. A note accompanied the cable in which Captain K. wrote that he had written to Mrs. L. and myself, wrapped around them was a copy of a letter, printed at sea, by a gentleman who sailed from New York to Austria, en route to Callao, and South America and back home. Its heading was as follows:

OCEAN CHRONICLE.
PUBLISHED BY E. F. NICHOLS.

Friends and not for Criticism.—On board Parker's Clara. Terms, one letter. JUNE 12, 1890. NUMBER 5.

Among some of the advertisements are the following:

"Grand Bawl! There will be a grand bawling on board the ship, filling the room with the children's loved voices every 30 P. M. Bawl common sense. Give Admiration a little water or a big s-s-silent glass. N. B.—At my convenience, and at 'your' expense."

The other refers, I think, to the children of the ship.

Free Concert.—A Free Concert given daily on board Clara, by Nannie and Maude.

Music is Vocals. Performance will Pro-voc-all!

The calm still continued the next day and night grew intense, being at noon 193 miles from shore, notwithstanding the sail had been stretched over the bows. A good breeze fell after sunset, and a good six-mile breeze all night. In the morning the Parker was astern, nearly "shull down." Her yards were then braced sharp up to open our headway, the object being to let the Parker come up to leeward, then to go full and by (keep the sails full and go by wind) and see which vessel was the best in or in a light wind. At noon the Parker was abeam, but the wind had died away to a faint, signalling commenced, and Capt. Kentwood would board us in the forenoon, and at 2 P. M. he was with us in and remained to tea. Towards night clouds banked up near the horizon and wind freshened to a seven and a-half mile breeze. The night proved squally and dry, each square driving us off our course, the ship heading up afterward. In the morning the Parker was nearly hull down to wind and with some of her sails off, so our captain thought that perhaps she had met the Providence, and "there" and "here" came up, when finding her all right, bore away and left the Parker away astern.

Bill Nye's Advice to Parents.

Do not constantly tell your boy "how he is—that he "grows like a weed"—and finally make him think that he is a waste of space. If you keep it up you will finally give a round-shouldered, awkward, bushy-nosed pole out of a mighty good looking boy.

Give every tall boy in this country will agree to pick every wooden-headed man who tells him "how he does grow." I will agree to wear the coat of said tall boy. I am now dealing with a substance which I happen to be informed. The same rule applies to girls.

If you want to make your child fall over the piano and yearn to climb whenever she sees any one come toward house tell her "what a great swallopper the boy she is getting to be." In this way parents act judiciously and in concert, and can soon have a nation of young men whose manners and carriage will be as beautiful and symmetrical as the plaster-cast of a sore toe.

Oil Cloth For Stove Stands—Housewives will hail with delight the following suggestion of a wise woman who writes to exchange that after twenty-five years of work in kitchen and parlor, she had reached the conclusion that although it might cause a revolution in the civilized world, she would never put another zinc over her sitting-room stove. She amplified her statement, saying: "The time I have spent on my knees scouring that zinc, if ever lawfully employed, would have made me a better-read woman, or if devoted to my children would have been of great benefit to them and a comfort to me." Her words seemed to me to have great force in them, the result was that our own stove was up without the customary zinc. Proper members of the family who had perceived the destruction of the house by fire were surprised to find we were just as well without it. A heavy oil-cloth with zinc underneath it was put under the stove, although it is a base burner, and we had a large room warm with it, the experiment was a success. The oil-cloth is easily taken care of. Wash it with warm suds, and wash with milk and water, wiping with a soft cloth.

How He Cured Them.

"Old Squire Morton was suspicious that his Bartlett pears disappeared rather faster than they ought to from the "off limbs," he called them, those nearest the Prospect street fence. And then the Concord grapes were hardly ripe enough to eat, we thinned out on the lower trellis, that portion of the grapeery also bordering on Prospect street.

As Squire Morton's sons were all grown men and had homes of their own, and he had no daughters, it became apparent that the others of the Squire's household were making a poor too-fee with his choice fruits.

"I suppose," said kindly Mrs. Morton, "it's some of those half-starved little boggans down on Pitts street, can't stand the sight of such nice fruit within easy reach; but still the little creatures ought not to steal."

"No; and I don't mean they shall," replied the squire. "Now if I find them peep at and grapes are gone in the morning, I'm just going to watch to-morrow night and catch them at it, though I doubt if the little rascals will try it these moonlight nights."

"Well now, father," began motherly Mrs. Morton again, "if you should catch any of those poor little boys stealing, don't be hard on them; you know how it says in the Bible, 'Thy gentleness hath made me rich,' and if you're gentle and kind it may cure those poor, dear little boys of their naughty ways."

"Well now, mother, you know I couldn't be hard on anyone that you knew I never did steal; and anyone who could have seen Squire Morton would indeed have wanted to laugh at the idea of his being hard on even some little thieving tramps."

He was a very tall, large man, with fat, shiny cheeks that had dimples in them, and a double chin that shook all over when he laughed. His little gray eyes were full of twinkling good humor,—the very man one could suppose could easily be imposed upon and taken advantage of.

But Squire Morton was as shrewd as he was good humored, and as just as he was merciful.

One good morning it was very evident that pear-tree and grape-vine had again been tampered with, and at night, true to his resolve, the Squire hid himself in the midst of a tall mass of shrubbery, and watched.

When he entered his room in the morning, his face wore so singular an expression at his wife wondered what revelations the night watches had brought, for her husband's face was both puzzled and troubled.

"Well, husband," she asked, "did anyone see?"

"Yes, dear."

"Could you see who they were?"

"Yes, wife."

"Did you catch them?"

"No, mother."

"How many were there?"

"Two."

"Why, who were they?"

"Deacon Perley's son Henry and Dr. Getchell's son, Charles."

"Henry and Charles?—Charles Getchell and Mrs. Morton, how you do talk!"

"And Mrs. Morton looked over the glasses to had just donned too," said Henry, "and might the Squire in a most unmitigated and unardonable fib."

The next morning she broke out again in different tone:

"Oh, father, don't be for mercy's sake let your parents know it! Why, it would just kill Mrs. Perley, and Mrs. Getchell could cry her eyes out if she knew it. Now if you want tell them, will you, pa?"

"No, mother; I'm going to cure them one way or another."

"Well how, now?"

"Oh, I'll tell you after they're all cured." "Test those boys!"

"Come, mother, don't talk as if I was a bad boy, you didn't know!"

"That evening while the family of good Deacon Perley were at supper, the bell rang, and Henry went to the door.

"Good evening, Henry," said Squire Morton, smiling blandly into Henry's face. "Here's some Bartlett pears I brought you; now boys like pears."

Henry mumbled some confused thanks and took the pears immediately to his room. A few minutes later a ring at Dr. Getchell's door brought Charlie face to face with the genial Squire.

"Good evening, Charlie," he said. "Here's some Bartlett pears I brought you; I now boys like pears."

"Say, Hen," said Charlie Getchell then, "Squire Morton brought me some pears to-night; what do you think of it?"

"Wonderful, you know too," said Henry, "and I think he's found us out."

The next night about supper time Deacon Perley's bell rang again, and a paper bug of Concord grapes was handed the perturbed Henry with the affable Squire's pleasant smile.

"Here, my boy, I thought perhaps you'd like some of our Concord; brought them myself, so's to be sure you got them."

The same gift and the same speech reached Charlie Getchell a few moments later.

"Say, Hen," began Charlie as soon as he could find him, "what shall we do? The Squire's going to torment us into a confession, I s'pose. Plague take his old Bartlett and Concord, I wish I'd never seen him. What would you do about it? Father'll find it out if he comes many times more, then, there'll be a pretty how d'ye say?"

"P'raps this'll be the end of it," said Henry, with a troubled face. "At any rate he's let wait and see."

But the next evening, just before supper, the bell rang, and Henry Perley anxiously, expecting it would, went nervously to the door.

"Squire Morton again."

"Good evening, Henry. Here are some Bartlett and Concord. Hope you will like them nice and ripe."

Then in a moment Charlie Getchell was mortified recipient of the same gift and had the same presentation speech.

"Oh, fury!" exclaimed Henry Perley, springing dazed across the street to Charlie's house, "that old Persecution brought some Bartlett and grapes to-night, and hoped I'd like them nice and ripe."

"The very thing he said to me," replied Henry dejectedly.

"Say, Charlie, I can't stand it any longer." "Would you rather go confess?"

"Yes," said Henry, "I'd rather have it out and have done with it, and I tell Squire Morton one thing—I'm sick of stealing."

The Schuylkill Arsenal.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The smoke of the presidential battle is fast clearing away and there is opportunity to think and write of other and perhaps more agreeable things.

The writer made a pleasant visit recently to the Schuylkill arsenal, where he was courteously received by Mr. W. F. Gill (son of Captain Wu, H. Gill, the officer in charge) and conducted through each department.

The operations at the arsenal are at any time a quick reminder of the manner in which the munitions of war are prepared and supplied. Even in these "piping times of peace" there is a large force of men actively at work, signifying that there is an army of men whose wants are many and imperative and which are rightly cared for so far as the field of supply of the Schuylkill arsenal is concerned.

More than thirty years have passed since the first storeroom at the arsenal was erected, and the grounds prior to that time were occupied by temporary structures. Few even of the oldest residents of Philadelphia seem to know aught of this historical landmark. From five to ten years subsequent to the building of the original storeroom other structures were built, and in 1870 a large fire-proof building was erected in rear of the other storerooms. These buildings together comprise the principal clothing and equipment depot in the United States. The grounds consist of twelve acres extending from Gray's ferry road to low water mark on the Schuylkill.

Eighty-four years ago the grounds and building then in use as an ordnance department, hence the name arsenal. The arsenal proper is at Frankford, on the Delaware.

Passing from building to building the cleanliness and order prevailing throughout was quite marked and fully in keeping with Captain Gill's discipline and methods of business.

The tent department, in charge of Mr. H. B. Thompson, who has been twenty-one years in the service, presented an interesting appearance. A number of men were at work making tents, the material for which is accurately cut by Mr. Thompson. A large supply of tents is always on hand, packed and ready to ship at a moment's notice to any point. Mr. Thompson is the inventor of a table and frame work 48 feet by 28½ inches, by which tent material to any extent may be cut with little perceptible loss. Last year \$77,000 yards of duck were cut and the waste did not exceed two yards. Other inventions of Mr. Mr. Thompson's, securing economy, are in use and with profitable results. The patching of tents is not permitted.

The clothing department, in charge of Inspector Taylor, is conducted on the best business principles. The goods are carefully cut by skilled workmen, and substantially made. Hundreds of women and girls in Philadelphia make reasonable wages at their homes in working for this department.

The museum is the great attraction for visitors. Here are life models dressed in the varied uniforms of many lands. The continentals of a hundred years ago look fresh and life-like, faithful reminders of the brave colonists who fought for freedom and freedom, and succeeded, despite long odds, in founding a republic the grandest the world has ever seen; and then their is the French soldier, as he was and as he is the *vieux* *canadien* is at her post, ready to succor as in the days of Austerlitz. So, too, the British soldier is in battle array—the light infantryman and the stately hussar. The soldiers of other nations are also represented. Their uniforms tell of the wars of long ago, whose song and story are household words and histories in thousands of homes planted in the valleys and on the mountain tops far and wide throughout the nations. The torn and tattered battle flags are silent eloquent witnesses of the struggles fought "by hill and stream"—battles by the success of which was secured the right of every human being to freedom—God designed, and for which achievement thousands of brave men willingly gave up their lives.

The management of the arsenal is methodical and thorough. The officials under Captain Gill are experts in their several branches, and the transaction of daily business is symmetrically correct. In no place in the country is better exemplified the value of labor performed day after day from a high sense of personal propriety.

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SUBMARINE CABLES.—The aggregate length of submarine cables in existence is no less than sixty thousand geographical miles, or nearly three times as far as the circumference of the earth. Each of these cables consists, on an average, of forty wires, core and jacket together; therefore it may be said that the length of iron and copper wire by which telegraphic communications are carried on at the bottom of the sea is no twenty-five millions miles, or ten times the distance of the earth from the moon.

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Canada exported last year \$1,705,817 worth of butter and \$6,451,870 worth of cheese.

The Deaf and Dumb in Antiquity.

The ancients had the greatest horror of all that was feeble and infirm, with them poverty was desperation and suffering a scandal. It is no wonder, then, that among the beauty and pleasure-loving Greeks the deaf-mute was looked upon as a disgrace to humanity, and under the barbarous laws of Lycurgus they were exposed to die. Not so fastidiously cultured Athens less cruel than Sparta toward these unfortunate creatures. Deaf-mute children were pitilessly sacrificed without a voice being raised on their behalf. The first who seems to have seriously occupied himself with this phenomenon of deaf-muteness was the philosopher Aristotle, and he declared congenital deaf-mutes to be incapable of instruction, and this was the opinion in opinion of classical antiquity. The Romans treated these unfortunates with the same cruelty as the Greeks. As soon as a child was found to be deaf and dumb it was sacrificed to the Tiber. Only those escaped whom the waves washed back to the shore, or-whom the natural love of their parents kept hidden from the eyes of the world. Yet in the centuries immediately preceding the Christian era there was a sensible diminution in the number of victims of these barbarous laws, although about 50 years B. C., the poet Lucrctius pronounced himself in favor of Aristotle's opinions regarding deaf-mutes. But in the courses of time certain rights were granted to those deaf-mutes, who gave proof of ability—such as have been brought up secretly by their parents showing some signs of intellect; thus gradually dissipated the horrible prejudice with which their brethren in misfortune had hitherto been regarded. Pliny mentions a congenital deaf-mute, called Quintus Pedius, who distinguished himself as an artist. He was a grandson of the consul of the same name, who flourished in the reign of Augustus. It is also probable that deaf-mutes were employed as pantomimists when pantomime was one of the favorite amusements of the Romans. M. T. Muller gives to the Egyptians the credit of first instructing deaf-mutes. As they as well as the Persians always respected persons thus afflicted, and their hieroglyphic mode of writing was especially suited to their education. It is doubtless something more than mere coincidence that their better treatment by the Romans dates from the time of the incorporation of Egypt as a Roman province.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

"I want some birch beer, papa," said a little boy to his father, when he saw a large red sign in a drug store window, informing the public that that beverage could be had in draught.

"You can't have any," replied the parent; "it will spoil your dinner."

"But I don't want to grow up and be bad man," said the boy.

"What has birch beer to do with ruining you?" demanded the father.

"A great deal," replied the boy; "don't you know they say that if you spare the birch you spoil the child?"

A minute later the boy was holding up a lass with two hands, as though investigating the heavens in search of a brand new comet.

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Mrs. Slinnet—"I see that oysters are being planted in fresh water streams, and the result is said to be an increased delicacy in their flavor."

"Thin Boarder—"Shouldn't wonder. By the way, the same plan would improve many other things."

"You think so?"

"Yes, indeed." Take this mackerel for instance. Its flavor could be greatly improved with very little trouble."

"Indeed? why how?"

"By plunging it in a fresh water stream for a day or two."

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ICELAND MOSS.—This is a small plant, lightly growing one or two inches high—sort of moss of a grayish or light brown color—a native of Iceland and some of the northern countries of Europe. It may be found in drug stores. *Medicinal Uses.*—It is tonic and also nutritious. It is given in coughs and consumption, and in low and exhausted conditions of the system. The way to use it is follows: Cover a handful of moss with from one pint to one quart of boiling water; let it stand two or three hours; then strain and sweeten with honey or molasses. It is also good cooked in milk.

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Jones—"Grand old man isn't he?"

Smith—"Who?"

"That fine old gentleman you were talking to."

"Well, really, I did not pay much attention to him. Who is he?"

"My gracious! don't you know you have been talking to Prof. Blank, the greatest scientist of the age?"

"My stars! Is that so? I thought he was somebody running for office."

"What in the world made you think that?"

"He was so polite."

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First Thief—"You're a lucky dog. I didn't expect to see you out so soon. So the jury didn't convict you?"

Second Thief—"No."

"And yet there you stood before them with the stolen money in your pocket. It's lucky they didn't search you."

"They did."

"They did? Then they didn't find it?"

"No. I didn't have it."

"Why what had you done with it?"

"Paid it to my lawyer."

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Young Pinks—"Ah! m'dead fellow, so delighted to see you. Bah the way, when sees the aw fox-hunting season open this year?"

Master of hounds—"Can't give the exact date, but it will be early."

"Glad to hear it, I'm suah. Just dying for a run. But why cawt you fix the time now, bah Jove. Marchal Niel got sick dead, you see, the whipper-in got sick dead, did not start for England until last week."

"Aw, we have to wait until he gets back, I too bad, too bal. Bah the way, what did he go to England foh?"

"For a fox."

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Sandberg's Perfume, Edenia.
Sandberg's Perfume, Marechal Niel Rose.
Sandberg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Sandberg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

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BAKER & HUBBELL,
Wholesale and Retail
GROCERS,
BLOOMFIELD CENTRE,
Offer to all Friends and Patrons, old and new,
The Highest Grades of Minnesota Patent
and Winter
WHITE WHEAT FLOUR,
FANCY CREAMERY and DAIRY BUTTER.
FINE TEAS and COFFEES a SPECIALTY.
ALSO A
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